

K. 14
Z I M R I.

AN

ORATORIO. 840. ky
14

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

Set to Musick by Mr. STANLEY.



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. GRIFFITHS, opposite Somerset-House, in the Strand.

MDCC LX.

[Price One Shilling.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BALAK, *King of Moab.*

ZURAN, *a Prince of Midian.*

COSBI, *his Daughter.*

Chorus of Midianites, Attendants on COSBI.

MOSES.

ZIMRI, *a Prince of Israel.*

Elders of Israel.

A Messenger.

Chorus of Israelitish Virgins.



ZIMRI.



Z I M R I.

A N

O R A T O R I O.

P A R T I. S C E N E I.

BALAK *and* ZURAN.

R E C I T A T I V E.

BALAK.

AT length we triumph o'er the chosen Race,
Before whose March the parting Sea gave Way,
Whose Thirst the Rock with sudden Springs supplied,
Whose Hunger drew down Manna from the Skies.

Zuran. In vain was *Balaam's* willing Curse suppress'd,
Vain was th' extorted Blessing of his God :
If guiltless, they would still, tho' curst, prevail ;
Tho' blest, yet guilty, they must fall before us.

A 2

Balak.

Balak. Therefore in Arms we did not vainly dare
 The dreadful Cherub, who before their Host
 Veil'd in a Cloud, or glowing like a Flame,
 Sweeps with one Stroke whole Nations to the Grave.
 Like him with silent Force our Daughters conquer ;
 Nor can our Foes withstand the Glance of Beauty :
 Beauty at once disarms them, and assails ;
 Subdues, and bids the Pestilence destroy :
 Save one, their mighty Princes all are guilty ;
 And for their Crime have twice ten thousand died.

Zuran. That one is *Zimri* ! O might *Zimri* fall !
 The boasted Strength of *Simeon's* haughty Tribe.

Balak. Him with unrival'd Charms thy Daughter proves ;
 And not his Gods can save him if he loves.

A I R.

*When with Love the Bosom burns,
 Passion, Reason, rule by Turns ;
 Weaker still is Reason's Power,
 Passion's stronger ev'ry Hour.
 When the Cup of Joy o'erflows,
 Vain are Hints of distant Woes ;
 What if Death in Ambush lie ?
 Lovers pant to drink and die.*

RECITATIVE.

Zuran. Thrice have the circling Hours the Morn renew'd
 Since *Cosbi's* Absence ; but as yonder Camp
 Lies full within our View, I oft have seen her,

Known

Known by the sportive Beauties in her Train,
Now passing *Zimri's* Tent with wanton Step,
Now lost amidst the tall contiguous Shade.

Balak. See where she comes; by all our Hopes successful;
The Blush of Triumph glowing on her Cheek.

S C E N E II.

Enter COSBI and Chorus of Midianitish Women.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Cosbi. At length Astarte unresisted reigns,
Our lovely Goddess; all whose Rites are Bliss.
Zimri by these incurs the burning Wrath
Of *Israel's* sterner Gods, who frown Destruction.

Zuran. Thrice happy *Midian*! we to gentle Powers
Waft tender Sighs, and pay delightful Vows;
Nor yet to furious Jealousy provoke
The dreadful Being, at whose lightest Touch
Eternal Mountains, like their Snows, dissolve;
Before whose Presence, when he rides the Whirlwind,
The Sun grows dark, and Earth's Foundations tremble.
But tell us now what happy Wiles seduc'd
The steady *Zimri* from his vow'd Allegiance.

R E C I T A T I V E accompanied.

Cosbi. When first I met the Youth renown'd in Arms,
My girded Robe disclos'd but half my Charms;
He stop'd, he gaz'd, then frowning with Disdain
Turn'd back; yet stop'd, and turn'd, and gaz'd again.

Oft as I cross'd his Walk he still withdrew ;
But his slow Steps long linger'd in my View.

A I R.

*With thoughtful Pace alone he stray'd
Along the still sequester'd Glade ;
He stray'd, nor cast his Eyes above,
But sigh'd in Solitude for Love.*

*Tripping then within his View
All my wanton Train I drew ;
Sprightly Measures while we play'd,
Each a thousand Charms display'd.*

RECITATIVE accompanied.

Then loosely dress'd, and glowing from the Dance,
Alone I stole, on his belov'd Retreat.
Inflam'd, confus'd, he caught my am'rous Glance ;
He could not fly me, and he durst not meet.

A I R.

*I saw the Pride of Virtue fail,
And unresisted Love prevail,
The Tyrant of his Breast ;
Now pale, now blushing with Disdain,
His varying Looks declar'd his Pain,
And ev'ry fond Desire exprest.
With silent Eloquence I sooth'd the Boy,
And Reason soon resign'd his Soul to Joy.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Zuran. Oh haste away ; secure the glorious Prize ;
Left he repent, and Mercy disappoint us.

Balak. Haste ; and the Triumph waits thy wish'd Return.
To thee shall Temples rise, and Altars smoke.

A I R.

*Love who rules the World beside,
Is himself a Slave to thee ;
Thou canst ev'ry Passion guide,
All subduing thou art free.
Join in loud applauding Strains.*

C H O R U S.

*Beauty now with Wisdom reigns.
All the Praise of noble Aims,
Zuran's lovely Daughter claims.
The Bliss which Gods might envy, she bestows,
To save her Country, on her Country's Foes.
Bear the Song to distant Plains,
Beauty now with Wisdom reigns.* Exeunt.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

The Elders of Israel.

R E C I T A T I V E.

First Elder. Well may luxuriant *Midian* sheathe the Sword,
And safely revel, since our Sins destroy us.
These send the desolating Angel forth,
Who scatters wide the Dying with the Dead.

Second Elder. Yes, *Israel's* Princes still to Idols bow,
Still mix in Rites obscene with *Midian's* Daughters.

A I R.

*No more our sacred Songs their Lips employ,
No more in God the first and last they trust;
In conscious Virtue now no more they joy;
No more the wise, the mighty, and the just.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Third Elder. But *MOSES* comes; and in his Visage shines
The radiance caught from uncreated Light,
The Mark of recent Conference with God.

S C E N E IV.

To them MOSES and Chorus of Israelitish Virgins.

R E C I T A T I V E.

MOSES. Cut off the Wicked, and the Just shall live.
He in whose Sight not Heaven itself is pure,

Nor

Nor Angels wise, commands that ev'ry Chief,
 Who with Affections vile, and Hands prophane,
 Has burnt his Off'ring on an Idol's Altar,
 And *Midian's* loveless Harlots has caress'd,
 Shall die ; now deck'd in Gems and gay with Wine,
 E'er Night cast out to Vultures and to Dogs !

First Elder. The just Decree with Rev'rence be fulfill'd
 Of sov'reign Goodness, who destroys to save !
 Who thus deters his chosen Tribes from Guilt ;
 From Guilt, since all the Guilty must be wretched.

D U E T.

*Ah ! to be guilty, and to die !
 To die forever ! who can bear the Thought ?
 In endless Night to close the swimming Eye !
 In endless Night, with endless Horrors fraught !*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Moses. 'Tis dreadful ! Ye that shudder, sin no more.

S C E N E V.

To them an Israelitish Virgin.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Virgin. Ah ! why should those who are not chaste be fair ?
 Ev'n *Zimri* falls, seduc'd by guilty Charms !
Zimri, who stem'd the Torrent of Defection ;
 In whom each Excellence of Youth and Years

B

Com-

Combin'd to form the Hero, Sage, and Saint,
 Last Night, near yon dark Grove, was seen to part
 With *Zuran's* Daughter; scarce her loosen'd Zone
 Beneath her swelling Breast her Robe restrain'd,
 And Smiles and Blushes mingled in her Cheek.

A I R.

*Ab! mourn with me the lovely Youth,
 Whose Heart receives a wanton Guest;
 A Heart where Love should dwell with Truth,
 And Virtue be by Virtue blest.*

RECITATIVE.

Moses. A Guilt incurr'd so late, not yet we punish;
 To conscience first, the Judge within his Breast,
 'Tis fit we leave him. To the sacred Tent
 Now bend your Steps, and let one general Pray'r
 From all the Just in Unison ascend.

C H O R U S.

*Come, to the sacred Tent repair,
 And prostrate breathe the fervent Prayer.
 May Heav'n accept the Victims due,
 And Favour Israel's Race pursue!* Exeunt.

End of the FIRST PART.

PART

PART II. SCENE I.

ZIMRI *alone.*

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

Again seduc'd to guilty Joys, again
I break away to mife and to be wretched.
Farewel the peaceful Hour of Meditation,
When confcious Virtue wafts the Soul to Heaven!
If I look inward now, I ftart with Horror;
And Life becomes a Burthen and a Curfe.

SCENE II.

To him COSBI, and Chorus of Midianitish Women.

RECITATIVE.

Cosbi. Whathaggard Looks! what Geftures of Diftraction!
Why art thou thus, when in the bloffom'd Bow'r
The Voice of Mirth invites thee to the Banquet,
And Love would breathe foft Murmurs on thy Breast?

Zimri. I muft not hear thy Voice, nor fee thy Face---
Thy Voice is fatal as the fouthern Blaft,
Thy Face more fure than Bafilisks destroys!

D U E T.

Cosbi. Yet, let the fond Remembrance laft
Of kinder Thoughts, and Pleafures paft!

B 2

Zimri.

*Zimri. Of all the past I dread the View,
And bid the guilty Joys adieu.*

Cosbi. Why dread the Scenes that Love displays ?

Zimri. Alas ! 'tis Guilt, 'tis Death to gaze !

Cosbi. Ah ! think---

*Zimri. My Thoughts to Phrenzy turn.
Again I languish and I burn.*

RECITATIVE.

Cosbi. Come then, my Love !

*Zimri. O ! no ; stand off, Seducer ;
This Hour, the Victims of such Wiles as thine,
The mighty Chiefs of Israel gasp in Death.*

*Cosbi. Haste then, suspend the lifted Hand of Murder !
I do not task thy Eloquence too high ;
Go, plead the Cause of Nature with her Foes,
Till Superstition blush, and Priests learn Mercy.*

AIR and CHORUS.

A Midianitish Woman.

Fly, and disappoint the Grave !

Fly, the destin'd Victims save !

*And, with them returning, prove,
Life is Gain to those who love.*

RECITATIVE.

*Zimri. Ah no ! but let me rather perish with them :
How can I else atone my Follies past ?
How else be sure that I shall not repeat them ?*

Cosbi.

Cosbi. Thou nor to Crime nor Folly art seduc'd;
 Nor die the Princes by the Gods' Decree.
 Cares not the common Parent of Mankind
 Alike for all? one Family on Earth,
 However nam'd, and wheresoe'er they dwell?
 Would he, who bids encrease, deny the Rite,
 Because th' enamour'd Hearts that long to join,
 When first they beat, were distant from each other?

Zimri. Ah! could I but believe thy Reas'ning just!

Cosbi. That Wish has prov'd it: Nature never gave
 Desires, which yet 'tis Duty to suppress.

Zimri. Subdu'd at once by Eloquence and Love,
 My fair Enchantress, all my Soul is thine.

A I R.

*That I should yield, thy Wit persuades;
 Thy Wit thy matchless Beauty aids,
 And gives and justifies Delight.
 Whene'er we err, our Fault is less,
 More num'rous as Temptations press;
 And all, fair Nymph, in thee unite.
 Thy Charms which prompt my Fault, the Guilt destroy;
 Thy Charms, at once my Safety and my Joy.*

RECITATIVE.

Cosbi. See, yonder comes the Tyrant of thy Race!
 Stand firm; to persevere, is now to conquer.
 I leave thee: follow with a Lover's Haste.
 O! Virgins, aid my Purpose with your Song.

DUET.

D U E T.

*Be thy Thoughts for ever kind,
 Ever firm thy manly Mind !
 Haste away to yonder Plain ;
 Haste, with all thy kindred Train.
 Tender Joys our Gods approve ;
 Haste with us to live and love !*

Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

To ZIMRI, MOSES.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Moses. Is yet the Hand that softens Rocks upon thee ?
 Dost thou relent ? and wilt thou yet with us
 Surround the sacred Dwelling of our God,
 And see th' apostate Chiefs of *Israel* die ?

Zimri. Relent thou rather, and forbid the Murder :
 Nor more, when driving on the tainted Storm
 Disease assails us, feign that Heaven is wroth,
 And glut the Grave with those that Plagues would spare !

Moses. Doubt and Suspicion still attend on Guilt :
 While yet thy Life was pure, thy Faith was strong.
 But tell me thou, whose intellectual Eye
 The Midnight Revel happily has purg'd,
 Why, if Contagion uncommission'd spreads,
 It reaches not to *Midian* ?

Zimri. Tell me rather,
 Why, if commission'd, the Seducers live?
Moses. Abhorr'd of God, he leaves them unreclaim'd;
 And only deigns to punish those he loves.
Zimri. Let Reason judge who most are lov'd of Heaven.

A I R.

*Yon happy Race on fertile Plains recline,
 Embrac'd by Beauty, and regal'd with Wine;
 Aw'd by no Terrors, to no Laws confin'd,
 Love all the Worship for their Gods design'd.
 We, still to Hunger and to Thirst a Prey,
 With painful Rites relentless Pow'rs obey:
 From ev'ry Joy restrain'd by stern Command,
 And driv'n still vagrant o'er the burning Sand,
 Forward we look for better Days in vain---
 If patient, famish'd; if we murmur, slain.*

RECITATIVE.

Moses. To Sense, not Reason, is thy rash Appeal.
 To brutal Appetite, luxurious Ease
 Is sweet; but Man should live to nobler Purpose.

A I R.

*The Bliss which ne'er was found below,
 Above by Virtue we obtain;
 And Virtue if we wish to know,
 We must not Strangers be to Pain.*

Who

*Who hopes for Heav'n, Adversity defies;
And fights on Earth, to triumph in the Skies.*

RECITATIVE.

Farewell. Yet one Word more--- remember *Sinai!*
Exit.

SCENE IV.

ZIMRI *alone.*

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

Remember *Sinai!* wou'd I could forget it!
A thousand dread Ideas rush upon me!
Methinks, again I see the Mountain shake;
Its lofty Summit now involv'd in Darkness,
Now burning unconsum'd with ruddy Fires!
I hear, again, the Thunder and the Voice;
Again obedient, I believe and tremble!

A I R.

*O First and Best, the Parent of Mankind,
Who for thy Throne the Mercy Seat design'd!
Receive my falt'ring Pray'r, my Crime forgive---
To thee returning, let thy Servant live!*

SCENE

S C E N E V.

To ZIMRI, COSBI and Chorus of Midianitish Women.

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

Zimri. Again she comes! my Resolution fails,
As Morning Vapours vanish from the Sun.

RECITATIVE.

Cosbi. Impatient of thy Absence, I return.
Ah let me hear thy Voice, and see thee smile.

Zimri. I cannot speak---

Cosbi. I must not, cannot lose thee!
Thus let me grasp thy Hand, and gaze upon thee.
And now, my lovely Hero, tell me true,
Has this stern *Moses* frown'd away thy Love?

Zimri. Oh leave me now, nor further urge thy Pow'r;
Left for another momentary Dream,
I cast eternal Happiness away.

Cosbi. Leave to the Gods Eternity; nor trust
For ought To-morrow, which To-day can give.

A I R.

The future is not mine nor thine :

The past, alas ! no more returns.

Let Love our Souls this Moment join ;

For us his Lamp this Moment burns.

C

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

Zimri. Again my Soul has caught the sweet Infection ;
Again I feel the Phrenzy of Desire !

A I R.

*Yes, though around me thousands die,
While yet I live, I'll Life improve ;
The passing Moments as they fly
I'll catch, and fill the last with Love.*

C H O R U S.

*Mortals, thus with Haste possess
All that Fortune gives to bless ;
And despising slavish Rules,
Leave the Joys of Hope to Fools !*

Exeunt.

END of the SECOND PART.

PART

P A R T III. S C E N E I.

*Chorus of Israelitish Virgins.*R E C I T A T I V E *accompanied.*

First Virgin. On Time's swift Wing the dreadful Hour
is come!

With mournful Steps, in solemn slow Procession,
The Princes pass to die; a num'rous Train
In Sackcloth follow----Hark! the Dirge of Death.

[Solemn Musick.]

It ceases---and now awful Silence reigns
O'er all the prostrate Croud. The Victims now,
(Alas! their Sands are few) look round aghast;
And now their Eyes are veil'd to gaze no more.
They lift their trembling Hands, and give the Sign!--
Now, now, the Agonies of Death are on them!--
Now the last Pang resigns them to the Bar
Of Heaven's eternal Judge---Tremendous Thought!

A I R.

*Indulge unblam'd your Tears, ye Virgin Train,
When Guilt exacts the salutary Pain:
For oft as Justice wounds with dreadful Sweep,
Still gentle Pity claims the Right to weep;
The Friend of Man, she melts at ev'ry Woe,
Nor sees her streaming Eye who feels the Blow.*

C 2

R B C I-

Z I M R I.

RECITATIVE.

First Virgin. O Sight of yet more Horror! turn we
from it!--

At this dread Moment, by the prostrate Camp,
Zimri, inflam'd by Beauty and by Wine,
Leads *Zuran's* Daughter, glowing with Desire:
Behind them, dancing to the Timbrel's Sound,
The gay Companions of her wanton Hours.

Second Virgin. Her Arts in vain essay'd, from Death to save
The Victims destin'd to atone the past:
But with fresh Insult to provoke our God,
She now prevails, and we for *Zimri* perish!

First Virgin. The Sky grows dark, presaging swift De-
struction!--

Ah! what can intercept th' impending Stroke?
Ah! who propitiate now affronted Heav'n?

S C E N E II.

To them, MOSES.

RECITATIVE.

Moses. Fear not!--I saw the foul presumptuous Insult.
But by the sacred Influence from above,
Which fills so often my presaging Breast,
I know the End of all our Woes is near.

CHO-

C H O R U S.

*Belov'd of Heaven, already we behold,
And blest th' attesting Sign ! the Glooms disperse---
It thunders one loud Peal, and all is clear.*

S C E N E III.

To them, a Messenger and Chorus.

A I R and C H O R U S.

*Tune your Harps to Songs of Praise !
Happy Tidings now I bear ;
God with Joy our Grief repays,
God propitious bears our Pray'r :
Not averted now his Face,
Now his gracious Ear inclin'd,
Now confess'd his chosen Race---
Give your Sorrows to the Wind !*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Moses. Has not some Patriot-Hand laid Zimri low ?

Messenger. It has. Th' Apostate, as he pass'd along,
Embracing and embrac'd by Zuran's Daughter,
Brave Phineas mark'd ; and springing from his Seat,
With sacred Fury seiz'd his dreaded Lance :
“ Avenge the Cause of Israel's God ! ”---he cried ;
Obedient to the Word the Weapon flew,
And with one Wound transfix'd the guilty Pair.

Gasping they fell; and as they smote the Ground,
 Applauding Thunder shook the Vault above---
 The Sun with sudden Blaze resum'd his Glory;
 The Sick, inspir'd with instantaneous Health,
 Leap'd up; and Horror seiz'd astonish'd *Midian!*
Moses. See, where our Foes precipitate their Flight!

An ISRAELITE.

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

They fly, but not from Conscience; in their Breasts
 That stern Avenger of our Wrongs they bear.
 But soon the blameless Mind shakes off its Sorrows;
 For he whose Will is Fate, at first decreed
 No Bands shou'd long bind Innocence to Woe.

A I R.

Smiling Hope, a Cherub bright!
Smiling Hope is Virtue's Guest;
Soothing Anguish to delight,
Healing soon the wounded Breast.

Joy succeeds to Sorrow past;
Give the beating Heart to Joy!
Virtue's Joy shall ever last;
Ever last, and never cloy.

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

Moses. Yes ! Joy to Guilt is but a transient Beam,
 Like the red Light'ning that makes Night more dreadful :
 To blameless Minds 'tis Sunshine without Cloud,
 That gives new Splendour to the chearful Day.
 But other Truths this awful Day must teach ;
 Its Judgments, else, but half are understood.

A I R.

*Nor Wit's Deceit, nor Beauty's Charm,
 Nor Mirth nor Wine's insidious Pow'r,
 Eternal Justice e'er disarm,
 Or stop the sure tho' ling'ring Hour.*

*Who break Jehovah's sacred laws,
 Whate'er the Means, whate'er the Cause,
 Shall stand impeach'd without Reply :
 If Mercy pleads no contrite Tear,
 Fair Virtue's Pledge whene'er sincere,
 The guilty Souls for ever die.*

C H O R U S.

*Raise then to God the supplicating Strain;
 To God, whom Virtue ne'er address'd in vain !
 His gracious Voice shall answer to the Song---
 " Be wise ye Simple, and ye Weak be strong."
 With Joy receive the Promise of the Sky !
 And in one Chorus let your Praise reply.*

F I N I S.

J. U. B. H.

SACRED DRAMA

THEATRE ROYAL

